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BAD BOY'S NOTE BOOK



BY "ED"

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A BAD BOY'S NOTE-BOOK.

By "ED,"

Author of "The Book Agent's Luck," etc., etc., etc.

INTRODUCTION.

A SHORT time ago I was walking home through East Broadway, intently thinking of a matter of great importance, when something struck me on the back of the neck. I heard a loud and gleeful laugh, and saw a bright constellation of imaginary stars.

When I came to a realization of things past, present and future, discovered that a cannon-ball had not taken off my head, and found that a bean-shooter of an enlarged pattern had simply fired an antiquated egg, I began to look around for the offender.

He was soon found, but entirely out of reach, as he happened to be perched in the second-story window of an old fashioned house, close by Clinton street, and from that safe retreat he brought his fingers up to his nose and wiggled them very suggestively.

I mounted the front stoop with a grim resolve to have that bad boy punished for his mischievousness, when down upon my head came a shower of tomato cans, cast-off hoop-skirts and old shoes.

Retreat would have ended disastrously, so I dodged into the doorway where I was sheltered, and rang the bell with might and main.

This action was duly supplemented with many a muttered blessing upon my fiendish little tormentor, whose pug-nose, twinkling eyes, and red hair I yet had in my mind.

A gray-haired man with his head bandaged in a towel and his arm in a sling answered the bell, but before I could pour out the torrent of complaint that arose to my lips he glanced at me, uttered a mournful sigh, shook his head, wiped a tear from his eye and said:

"I know all about it—my son has made a victim of you, too. Don't say a word—it is useless. Look at my arm—it is paralyzed from thumping the life out of Peter. Look at my eye. It was half gouged out by a man whom my son lyingly said had called me a chicken thief. I tried to lick him, but the tables were turned. Look at my foot; every toe is broken at the second joint from kicking a smoothing-iron in the dark kitchen supposing it was a rat, while my son was hid in a closet pulling it along with a string. Don't say a word my Christian friend. I know all about it, I tell you. Eggs, eh? well you are pretty well peppered, I must say. Where is he?"

"Up-stairs?" I replied with a sinking sensation at my heart.

"In a window, I suppose. But come in, sir, and if you will undertake to catch him and cart him away to the insane asylum I will pay all expenses. That is fair, isn't it?"

I acknowledged that it was, and entered that house very gingerly, expecting every moment to find the ceiling falling down on top of me and bury me in the ruins.

A dear, sweet and good-looking woman with a swelled nose met me in the hall, carrying a thin baby in her arms, a lump of taffy-candy stuck in its hair, while a very fat young girl, with her dress in tatters, and a haggard look around her profile, went limping down-stairs to the basement floor, groaning dismally at every step, and clutching her head wildly.

This mournful procession impressed me like a cold bath.

"My wife, daughter and baby," announced the man sadly. "All wrecks. Petey did it. We are used to it, though—don't mind it in

the least. Everybody in the neighborhood suffers the most frightful torture, and avoid him like a night-mare."

"Complaints are useless, then?" I ventured to ask.

"Not at all, sir. Will you accept the offer I made you to catch him and end his existence here or not? You would make us all very happy."

"No," I replied warily, as I thought of my past experience with the little imp. "But I would put him where he can do no more harm, if I were you. Does he carry on like this all the time?"

"Put him out of the way? Well, that is just exactly what I am about to do. To-morrow I am going to pack him off to school. It is one of those institutes run expressly to subdue just such spirits as his. You ask if he cuts up these capers often. The best way I could reply to that question is to show you a note-book he has been keeping since last March. I found it in his bureau drawer. You may read it through, and when you finish a perusal, if you do not vote that bad boy a fit inmate for inferno, I am no judge of human nature."

He handed me an old, much worn, and badly scribbled school blank-book, which he took from his inside pocket, and I glanced through the pages.

The style and composition of the notes, coupled with the writing and spelling, filled me with a desire to let the world at large know something of this remarkable boy.

I told him that I would like to have the book published, as a warning to other unfortunates who might have such a son as his, so that they might learn a few of the tricks that suggest themselves to the fertile brains of the rising generation.

He readily assented to my proposition; so I pocketed the note-book, and the reader will find it reproduced with this introduction.

Having a morbid desire to more closely inspect the bad boy, I asked his father to call him down-stairs.

He said he was not sure that the boy would obey a vocal summons, so he went out in the hall, rang the supper bell furiously, and hid behind the door, whispering that this was the only way in which he might succeed in getting his wicked son down.

A few minutes passed uneventfully by.

The boy was very wary, for he first sent a stuffed coat rolling down the stairs, to see if the coast was clear; and his father was just about to rush out and clutch it, when he discovered the bluff, and stopped himself.

Pretty soon afterwards there sounded a whiz, and I saw Petey Boggs come sliding down the balustrade like a sky-rocket.

His father caught him by the ear before he could unstraddle, and he was hauled into the parlor, where his father attempted to cuff him for what he did to me.

Mr. Boggs met a pin in the boy's hand, which his arm struck, and that stopped his chastisement.

The boy had a bland and innocent face, and was no more than ten or eleven years old, wore knickerbockers, and had a very winning way, that soon quite won me over, and caused me to pet him a little.

He was then sent down-stairs, and I soon after took my leave of

the unfortunate Mr. Boggs, and went on the way, thinking that the boy was probably not half as bad as he at first seemed.

When I got home, I found my pockets filled with molasses.

Pete had poured it there out of a concealed bottle, while I was petting him. Consequently my views of him are changed again, and I think that the following pages must all be true.

MUNDY MORNIN'.

March 4th.—My mother sez to me, "Pete Boggs, you're a very bad boy, an' I'm agoin' to sen' you to bed early to-night, without any supper, on account of the bean you stuck up baby's nose, because it cried."

That made me hoppin' mad, but I knowed that she would wollop me if I kep' on a-cryin', so I shut up, an' marched up here.

I hate to miss my Sunday dinner, 'cause Sister Maria's bow, which is called Obadiah Leek, alwuz comes to eat here, an' then take her to church; afterwards to the parlor to give her taffy, an' we have extra things to eat, which Maria makes believe we have every day, to her bow.

My bedroom is the one next to the back parlor, an' ma has locked the hall door so I can't sneak out again, but I won't go to bed.

Mr. Leek gave me a noot-book las' Sundy, an' he said for me to put down in it what things I done every day for to see how good I can be.

I might as well, 'cause I ain't got nuthin' else to do.

Pa don't like Mr. Leek, but sister sez he's got plenty dust, so the ole man tries to look sweet to him, an' kicks hisself afterwards.

Ennyhow pa always goes out Sundys an' takes supper at a nayber's, an' when he comes home ma always calls him Old Soak, an' sez he's b'ilin', but pa can't help it if his nose is painted red, an' he walks crooked.

Pa went out to-night, an' now ma is layin' for him with a poker; I hope she won't bust his backbone in two.

Maria an' Mr. Leek oughter be back from church soon now, an' I jired it, as I can't get to sleep with the swats they give each other, which sounds like corks flyin' out of botles.

Besides tonite he is goin' to read potry to her, what he makes up, an' as it is by the yard, it makes me tired.

Them heat-registers is regler telerfoans.

I jist fell to sleep, an' up the register comes ma's voice screechin' at the servint girl, for breakin' the dishes.

I wish there wasn't no registers; a feller could sleep better, 'speshly when ma's got on a cranky fit, awaitin' for pa to come home.

An' pa jist came in.

I hurd him punch the basement door with his eye, an' that brung ma out to see if he fell through hisself, an' to yank him inside.

They began to gab awful then, an' pa said somethin' about Tom an' Jerry, who ever they are, an' that made ma madder, an' she said his breth would paralyze a nigger that was google-eyed.

They got into the basement, an' ma gave him a crack in the jaw which she said would knock all the razzle-dazzle out of him.

Then the door banged shut, an' into the parlor came Maria an' Mr. Leek, an' they took off their things.

He took out his potry, an' Maria said she doted on it, but I heard her say to ma that it was terrible slush, yistiddy.

He commenced to read it, an' I heard pa yellin' fire down in ther basemint, an a beggin' ma to take the bugs offen him.

I guess he's got a chicken-fit.

Ennyhow, ma wuz achokin' him.

Maria wuz atalkin' awful fast too, so's to prevent Mr. Leek hearin' pa's didos, but Mr. Leek wuz not happy, on account of pa yellin' for his blood, an' a fightin' to git up in the parlor with a carvin'-knife to cut him into sausage meat.

He tried to make believe he didn't care, but I knowed it was a failyur, 'cause when he red his potry his voice had the shakes like I had with fever-an'-ager las' summer.

Ennyhow this is what he red an' them end words what I put in is what ma an' pa said, interruptin' him now an' then.

Ses Mr. Leek, jist like if he was a ackter:

"Oh, queen of my heart, thou vision so fair,
Thine eyes like a dream, the gold of thy hair
O'er-flooded my mind, with rapture new-born."

"Look out there, Jemima, you've trod on my corn!" yelled pa, jist then, an' his voice came up the register like a trumpit.

Mr. Leek grunted, an' Maria said awful sweet like:

"Pa is so playful, Mr. Leek."

Mr. Leek laft like he'd swallered a pill, an' then he ses:

"Yas—jolly ole feller—don't cher know."

"Read some more potry, Mr. Leek," ses Maria. "It's jest beauty-full."

"Yas," ses Mr. Leek. "My mama ses I am a seckond Shakespeare."

So he red this to her:

"Oh, why sings the gay thrush, and why do I love—

Yea, and why do I blush—my glance to thee rove?

The answer, my fair maid, is this, be it said."

"Jemima, you've pulled all the hair from my head!" howled pa, awful sudden, an' Mr. Leek stopt his potry an' groand.

I thout he was goin' to drop dead, but he didn't, somehow.

"Miss Boggs," he ses to my sister, "I think I won't read no more."

"Oh, Mr. Leek," ses my sister, "don't mind, pa. He is only gitten a shampoo—ma always does it for him Sund'y. He don't mean nuthin'."

So, with that, he let fly again, and I knowed by the way he breethed that he was kinder thinkin' difrent.

Ennyhow, he said he writ another like Miss Reevay, an' I can't zackly 'member what the words was, but it sounded like this:

"The jinglin' joskin's joyful jerk,

Jumbled a jagful jowl;

And the hokus-pokus handy hand,

Hoed a harassin', healthful howl."

Maybe that's a stylish kind of po'try, 'cause sister said it was a recherry little jewel, but he didn't read no more of it to her.

Pa must have heard it through the register, an' came runnin' up.

He only had on his nite-shirt, 'cause I seen him throo the key-hole, an' his whiskers was hikin' up over his ears an' slappin' the back of his neck, the same's if ma had been pullin' 'em left-handed.

Maria screeched, an' fainted dead away.

She fell ker-flop rite into Mr. Leek's arms.

As soon as pa seen that persishun he said to her bow:

"Gol durn your buttons, what'r you doin' with my dorter?"

I don't think Mr. Leek was goin' to perpose so soon, but he seen that pa was pritty bilin' an' his nose more red than ever, so he said:

"We are ingaiged, an' I've got a right to hold her this way."

"Obadiah!" screecht my sister, comin' to awful sudden; an' she twisted her arms rite around his neck befoar pa an' sniffed.

Mr. Leek groand, but he was ketched, an' pa said it was all hunk, an' that settled it on the spot. So pa went down-stairs, an' them two in the parlor kep'me awake ha'f the nite swattin' each other on the face, while ma put pa to bed singin' a song about "Whisky you're the d—"

It maid me mad as a hornit to hear the goin's on of Maria an' Mr. Leek, when they was lef' alone, so I thought what to do to git rid of him, without doin' ennything rude to shock him.

I peeked throo the kee-hoal, an' seen the gas was turned down.

He sed the lite hurt his eys.

Mebbe it was cause he hurd pa say the other nite that the gas bil was sockin' up prittie hye since he was callin' on Maria.

Ennyhow, they sot on the sofer, so clost that a pin couldn't go betwean them, an' was tryin' to choak each other, by the looks of things.

"Brake away thair!" I sed, as gentel as I could.

Sister skreeched fit to split, an' he jumped up.

"Whot is that?" he ast, lookin' roun'.

"It is me," I ses, "an' I wood be verry much obliged if you wood let her be for a little wile, so's I kin go to sleep in hear."

"O!" ses Maria, "it's that bad boy, Pete."

"Yes," I ses, "an' I'm on to you hard!"

"You go to sleep, like a good boy, do," ses Maria, verry sweet.

"I can't, with your swattin' in thair," I ses.

"Yes," ses Mr. Leek, "do, an' I'll give you a quorter wen I call agen."

"Rats!" ses I; "that's chess-nut. You nevver pay up."

"Who ses so?" he ast, gittin' mad.

"I do," ses I. "You're alwuz sayin' youle bring kandy for me, an' nevver do. Now, see hear, you ole geezer," ses I, gittin' mad two, "you jist plug alorng, an' le' me be in pease for a little wile, will you?"

"I seen that gentil words wasn't no use with him.

"Petey Boggis," skreeched Maria, "you shut up, or Ile tell ma!"

"O, you neein't say nuthin'," I ses, scornfull; "you ain't so ded stuck on that fresh rooster. I hurd you tell ma you was only out for his dust, an' that his face would stop a klock."

"Holey pok'r!" ses Mr. Leek; "is that so, Maria?"

"N-n-o!" ses sister, kinder kufewses.

"You did! I ain't no liar!" I ses. "You ask ma, Mr. Leek."

An' with that sister flopped down on the sofer, all broak up.

She made beleeve faintin', but Obadiah had ben thair befour, an' sed, in tragick stile, as he grabed his stoav-pipe:

"Maria Boggis, can this be trew?"

"N-n-o!" she blubered, with a tear on the end of hur noas.

"Your guilty looks bely your assershun!" he ses, startin' t'wards the doar, "an' we part to meat no moar. Fair-well-fair-well!"

Maria yelied, an' I grinned, an' he run out.

I gess he waz glad to git the ingaigmint broke so easy.

Wen he waz garn, Maria tryed to git into my bedroom, but the doar waz lockt, an' she couldn't, which I was verry glad about, 'cause she waz mad enuff to scalp me, an' injoy it.

But she run up-stairs an' told ma.

The worse had come—ma with a strap, an' jist bekorse I wanted to git rid of him an' go to sleep, I got a terribul lickin', with my nite-gown off, an' was told I wood be lockt in four too days moar for spoilin' a good weddin, wat chants Maria won't git agane, nevver.

This is near daylite, an' Ile git out, thoo, for I lit a lot of matches, an' pokt them throo the keehoal, into the parlor, so's to set fire to the carpet, an' the flaim is spreadin' all over.

The firemen oughter be hear soon, to wake up the family an' git me out, or else we may all be burnt up, I guess; ennyhow I hoap not.

TOOSDY NITE.

MARCH 5.—I am havin' a soar time of it on akount of the plasters ma put on me so I kan't set down, bekaus pa gave me a terrible lickin'.

I wisht I didn't put them matches throo the keehoal.

I feel as if thay waz lit, an' I waz tittin' on them now.

My dear noat-book, I will hav to tell you all about it, cause nobuddy won't even se much as look at me no moar, an' I hav got the noashun to swaller a fish-boan, an' dye, so's to git out of my misserry.

First I thort that the hous waz a-goin' to git burnt up, an' I wood git swep out with the rubbish, an' put in the ash-barrell.

But pa had a bad fit, which came frum somethin' he drunk, an' waz fidgettin' up an' doun the floor all nite, an' smelt the smoak.

He kaim doun to the parlor, an' I thort I better yell for him to go an' git the fier-ingeine to put it out, which I don.

He kaim prancin' into the parlor in his shirt-tail, an' seen what waz don.

Then he hollered for ma, an' ma hollered for Maria, an' she hollered for Bridgit, an' she took h'terricks, an' they all hollered together, an' ma dusted up-stares to save the babey.

Nobuddy hollered for me; I had to holler for myself.

"Get me a buckit of worter!" pa bellerd.

"Squate the hoas on it!" ses Maria.

"Le' me out of this room!" I skreecht.

Bridgit went an' get a ax, an' bustid in the doar, pa begun to fier the furnicher at the burnin' karpit, an' Maria bellered, an' ses we didn't hav no inshurence, an' swared that Mr. Leek must hav don it to hav reveng for what I don to him.

Pa ses he'd hav Mr. Leek's life, an' when I com out I told pa I hurd him muter that he wood set the house afier.

Bridgit went an' got a pale of worter an' that settled the fier.

Lots of things waz broken an' a lot of things waz spoilt with the worter, an' the fier burnt a big hoal in the karpit.

Pa figgered it up this way:

Loss of furnicher	-	-	-	\$30.00
" karpit, sick yards	-	-	-	24.00
" brick-a-bats	-	-	-	40.00
" paint	-	-	-	2.50
Total	-	-	-	\$96.50

Wen I sprung Mr. Leek on them I felt prittey saif, as I knowd they wood berlieve he don it all jist out of spite.

Ma waz goin' to chuck the babey out of ther seeking-storey winder to saiy its life from the fier, she waz so excited, but Maria jist run into hur room in time to pervent it, wich saved funeral ixpences.

Pa went into my bedroom to see if ennything waz burnt, wen whot should he see but the rest of the maches I waz usin'!

I wisht I waz a peace of tripe.

If I waz, I could hav tied myself up in a not, an' gorn throo a krack in the floor, as soon as I seen pa find them maches.

He pickt them up, an' then he seen one stickia' in the kee-hoal.

That settled it.

I waz ixposed!

"You don it!" he ses kinder suddin.

"I didn't!" I ses.

Then I dodged, but he ketched me by the neck.

Wop went his han' ag'in my ear, an' he hauled of an' maid a terribul kick for me which I iskaped, an' his bair foot struck the winder, an' went throo the glas, an' he swared so orful Maria runned out of the room with hur fingers stuck up hur eares, sos not to heer it.

I runned out in the horl, an' pa came limpin' after me, fierin' things at me as if I waz a targit, an' ses I wood be the rooin of him.

Bridgit waz comin' doun the stares wen I went up with pa after me, an' as I happind to run between her ankels, she sprung oaver my hed, an' landid ker-flop rite into pa's bread-baskit, nockt him doun the stares, an' they both rolld to the bottum together.

That gav me a chants to git up to the bedroom floar, an' I got in the bath-room an' lockt the doar jist as pa reacht it.

"Come out of thair!" ses pa thumpin' at the pannels.

"You'll hit me if I do!" I ses.

"I'll brake evvery boan in your cussid littel boddly!" ses pa.

"Spair me!" I ses, beginnin' to cry.

"I'll knock all the narnsents out of you!" ses pa, furious like.

I nowed I waz in for it, an' I was desprit, so I ses, as mornfull's if I waz leavin' this wearry vail of teers:

"Then I will turn on the gas, an' you will find my korps in heer!"

An' I did turn on the gas, sos he cood smell it.

It got to chokin' me wile he kep tryin' to brake in the lock, an' pritty soon I fell doun on the floar, feelin' awful sick at my stummick.

Pa brok the lock, an' kaim in with a shoe.

He thort I waz foolin' him.

An' he lammed me for all he waz worth.

Jerusalem! How that shoe hurt!

I faintid, caus the gas waz too much for me with the shoe, an' ma kaim in, an' she sed she pulled his hare, an' ses he waz a murderer, an' pickt me up in hur arms, an' put me in hur bed, an' sent Bridgit for the dockter, whoo soon kaim in, an' ses I waz verry bad off.

I kaim to, an' they maid me talk some awful medisen, an' pa kried an' promist to git me a vealosipead, kandy, an' evvery thing I worntid.

They all went doun to breckfist after awlile an' lef me aloan, an' I got out of bed an' poord out the jin from pa's bottle, an' filled it up with cariseen out of the nite-lamp, which wood maik him as sick as he maid me—at leest, I hoaped he wood be sicker'n I waz.

He alwaz taiks a eye-openner in the mornin' out of that botel, an' this time I thort he will git the jim-jams shoor.

Wen they cain up-stairs, I maid b'leeve I faintid, sos they wood not spect that I don annything; but instid of that, what should pa do but run ovver to the botle of cariseen an' try to maik me talk some!

He ses to ma that jin wood bring me two.

I had to come two orful suddin', an' fit like blazes to keap it out of my mouth, but it wazn't no use, cause pa got hold of me by the noas an' the botle waz pokt into my mouth wen I opind it to breathe, an' he poored a lot of the nastey stuff doun my throat.

I thort my livver wood come up.

Ennyhow the souls of my feet nearley did.

Then ma noticed the smell of the cariseen an' screecht.

"O! That ain't no jin, John Thomas Boggs!"

"Yes, it is," he ses. "I had it fill myself las nite at Muldoon's."

"O!" ses ma cuttin', "so that's were you got your load, hey?"

I waz yawkin' orfull, so pa ses to sen for the dockter again, but ma ses a man must a been pritty bilin' not to know the differince between jin an' cariseen, an' wile pa scratcht his hed an' lookt kinder silly, ma perseedid to wipe out my mouth with one of Maria's stockin's.

Pa swared he wood wipe up the floar with Muldoon when he seen him, an' then sed he wood go aroun' to his serloon rite away to do it, but ma waz two flip for him, cause she knowed he wood hav to by a lot of Muldoon's licker an' drink it first to git his monkey up.

So she an' him had a fight on the spot, an' he went to his offis in a bad youmer and ma 'tendid to me all day.

I got plasters put on me in the afternoon, an' then ma went down town to go shoppin', which is to git a spool of cotton an' hav sent hoam in the dry-goods man's wagon, an' hang up the bill so's pa can pay it with a chek, after thay maik him do it with a offiser.

Babey an' Maria went with ma, so me and Bridgit waz all lef alone.

I couldn't set down so I had to stan' up when I got out of bed, an' I went down stares so's not to maik a noise, an' see what Bridgit waz doin' in the kitchin an' to git somethin' to eat.

Thare waz Bridgit leanin' out the basemint winder talkin' to Pat Sullivan, the cop what walks our block, on hoo she is sweet.

He waz askin' hur to go to a moon-lite pickuick up in Harlem with him, an' she says yes, she wood sneek out an' go after all the fambly waz gorn to bed; an' then she went down in the seller an' brung up a botle of pa's best Port wine an' handid it to Pat, an' ses for him to drink it and she wood say the botle broke an' she pitcht it away.

That waz a meen way to treet my pa, so I thort I wood try to git even with hur, an' tell pa how I took his part, which wood pleas him.

I sneeked into the kitchen, an' thare waz the chants.

The soop was cookin' on the stoav, an' as I hurd pa say that the Democrats waz in it this time I thort I'd look an' see, but they wazn't thare, an' I thort if the soop waz spoilt Bridgit wood git blamed.

That wood be rervenge for stealin' pa's Port wine.

I dumpt all the cockroaches out of the trap which I found under the sink into the pot, an' hoaped that they wood not choak nobody wen they ett them for supper, which waz a good pracktikle joak.

At least, I thort so then.

Afterwards I emptied a botle of musiledge into the pertaters, an' the gater-blackin' into the turkee, wich waz reddy to put in the ovven.

Then I went up-stares to see what wood happen.

I hoaped that the fambly wood not git sick, but waz afraid that they wood, an' then I got skared that they mite dye too.

Ennyhow it waz too lait to do anything.

Pa, ma, an' Maria an' the babey all kaim hoam together, an' I wated to heer the surkiss frum what I don.

By'm-by pa kaim up-stares, an' then ma, an' then Maria, an' last of all Bridgit, an' all stood aroun' my bed an' stared at me, an' my hart com up in my throate, an' I peeked at them all to see the efekct of what I don, an' pa ketched me by the ear.

"You're a smart Al'ck," he ses, "an' I'm a-goin' to whang the everlastin' stuffin' out of your hide for spilin' our supper, I am. Bridgit seen what you waz doin' an' didn't cook the stuff what you fixed," ses pa, "but cooked another one an' told us all about it. Git up!"

My hart sunk; the joak waz a failyur.

I tried to tell him what I don it for, but he wouldn't listen to me, but yanked me out of that bed quickern greased lightnin' an' toted me down to my own room, where he sed I wazn't so sick as I pertended, an' then he nearly plugged the life out of my hide with a strap, an' I will nevver try to do him a good turn again as long as I live.

It is tuff that a littel feller like me shood hav such hard lines 'speshilly when he tries to do what is rite.

WENSDY, MIDNITE.

MARCH 6.—Pa brung me to the theater to-nite, an' we sat in the bald-headed men's roe so's to see the ballet' dansers better, an' I lafft to notis how pa's eyes stuck out, how much he grinned, and once to see him wink at one of the ladys what dansed on her toes.

Pa mus' be a dandy among the wimmen folks, 'caus the lady winckt too, an' smiled an' noded her head sideways.

Pa had a big bokay, an' as soon as she don that I seen him take a kard out of the pockit of his koat an' rite on it:

"MISS CORA PHEE, No. 3."

Then he turned the kard oavver an' on the other side he put doun, wile I peekt oavver his showlde, these words:

"Meat me after the show at the resterant for supper; seckond table, left, without fale. Please anser; yours trooly, John Thomas."

I thort it waz verry funney that pa did not put all of his naim, an' I waz wonderin' wat he waz goin' to meat the lady for, wen I seen him call one of the ushers, hand him the bokay an' kard an' hurd him wisper:

"Hear is a quoter to hand up this bokay to that Cora Phee."

He winckt at the usher an' the usher winckt at him, an' took the quoter an' the bokay—the money quicker'n the flowers, I guess.

"Pa," I ses, "what are you goin' to meat hur for?"

"Meat hoo?" he ast, an' his face got orfil red.

"Why, Miss Cora Phee, of cors," I ses.

My! How he did snap me up on that.

"I ain't!" he says, actin' nurvis.

"But I red that kard," I ses.

Pa's a corker.

"Oh!" ses he. "That kard, eh? Why, my son, that's for a fren of mine."

I knowed he was stuffin' me, but as I promist him to be a good boy if he took me to the show, I did not warnt to say two mutch; so I shut up, an' woched the play a littel wile more, till the cock-eyed usher kaim bak, an' handed pa a noat, writ on pink papir, which he opind.

He got so interestid he didn't see me reedin' it, two.

This is wat it sed, in fine, muskeeter-web ritin':

"DEER JOHN THOMAS:—Menny thancks for your luvley bokay. I wil meat you in the resterent at 'leven o'klock. I ware blak ~~aklose~~, an' vail dittow, to talk super with you, as you ast me in your noat.

"CORA PHEE."

Pa red that noat throo three times, lafft an' chukeld, an' sed somethin' about foolin' his ole hen at hoam, wich maybe waz ma; but he sed it softly, an' he put the noat in his koat pecket.

Then he begun to pull the whiskers growin' under his chin, an' slick his hare, wat little waz lef oavver his ears, an' put his opera glas up to his eyes, an' make moshuns to Miss Cora Phee, wich had the bokay.

"Pa's a gamey ole rooster," I thort. "I doan't blive that noat waz don for another feller at all. He worts to git a mash, that's wat! If he meats hur, I will tell ma wen we git hoam, an' the fur wil fly pritty lively, shoor, as she is orful gellus of him!"

Miss Cora Phee goodn't talk her eyes off of my pa, all the time that the curtain waz up, an' after the first ackt waz oavver, pa got up, an' ses he wood hav to see a fren of his, out in the lobbey. I gess he an' his fren had a ball, caus his breth smelld like licker wen he kaim in, an' he waz chewin' a kloav.

Wen he sat down on his koat, wich he took off, the noat he got frum the lady fell out on my lap, an' I pickt it up, an' waz for givin' it back to him, wen I thort I woud keep it, an' show it to ma.

Pa didn't know he lost it.

The nex' ackt pa went out to see his fren in the lobbey, an' his breth smelt like a brewry wen he kaim back.

He kep' pullin' his sluggers an' makin' sines to the lady; an' jest wen the play waz most oavver he ses to me:

"Petey, your ma waz out callin' on a lady fren' doun in the nex' streat, an' she is goin' to meat us in the parler of the Gran' Onion Hotel. I will bring you their, an' you kan tell her that I hav got to tork to a fren' of mine about the stock markit an' will join her in a little wile. It's the feller what I met in the lobbey, you onderstan'?"

"All rite, pa," I ses. "Bnt it ain't to have supper with that acktris, is it? I woodn't worn't to miss that feed for a farm—"

"Don't be a fool!" ses pa, gettin' mad.

"I won't, pa," I ses.

"You doan't worn't to be sent away to a boardin'-school, do you?"

"No, pa," I ses quick, 'caus that alwuz scart me teribul.

"Well, I hav' thretend you often, hav'n't I?" he ast.

"Yes, pa. Don't do it," I ses.

"Then promis me that you won't say nuthin', bout wat you seen."

"I promis," I ses.
 "Hear's a dime to buy a ball with," he ses.
 "Oh, that ain't enuff," I ses.
 "How much do you worn't?" he ast.
 "A doller," I ses.
 He grooned, but he gav' it to me.
 When the play waz ovver we lef' the theater togeather, an' he took me up to the parlor of the hotel, where he lef' me an' went away.
 He was onley gorn a few minnits wen ma kaim in an' seen me.
 "Why, were is your pa?" she ast.
 I felt sorrey for hur, an' I up an' told hur all wat happind.
 "Heer is the noat," I ses wen I finished, an' I gav' it to hur.
 Jimminy Cripps! Wat a look waz on hur faice then!
 It waz so ugly that it must hav' paind hur.
 She grabed me by the han' an' yanked me out of the parlor into the streat, an' ast me were the resterent waz, an' I sed I gesst it waz the one nex' door to the theater, so we went thair.
 "The ole, buk-toothed, gay Lothario!" ses ma desprit like. "The nock-nead viper! The hump-baked ole tarrier! Ile fix his muttin'!"
 Then she saild into the resterent an' lef' me outside lookin' thro' the winder and hoapin' that no dishes wood git smasht.
 The resterent waz filld with peopple, an' I got inside by the doar.
 There sat pa at one of the tabels, an' the minnit he seen ma he gumpt up an' maid hur a bow an' ses:
 "Ah, my dear Cora Phee, I am so glad you didn't furgit me!"
 Then I seen that ma had on a blak soot an' woar a dark vail, wich wood make hur look jist like the acktriss—annyhow, pa thort she waz hur, an' ma tumbeld to it rite away an' foold him by noddin'.
 "Set rite doun," ses pa, offerin' ma a chair, an' I seen that the ole man waz about haff loaded—blinkey-eyed from bein' near sited, an' derseaved by ma's looks like blazes.
 Ma sat doun, an' pa ses orful sweet:
 "I waz so glad you got my hokay an' noat. But order wat you wornt an' we will wash it doun with a bottle of shampain, caus my ole geezer is watein' for me at the Gran' Onion Hotel an' may kikk if I keap hur thair two lorn, my dear—"
 "John Thomas!" ses ma, an' she flung bak hur vail an' ariz to hur feat like if she waz a actress herself.
 Grate hevvin!
 Sich a yell as pa gav, an' then he tumbled bak.
 "Jemima!" he gaspped, en' be lookt as if a iseburg hit him.
 "Falls, shamfill man!" skreecht ma, an' evverybody lookt at them.
 "For hevvin's saik, shut up!" groond pa, moppin' his hed like sixty.
 "Nevver!" ses ma. "Ile ixpoas your villunney!"
 She shook the noat I gav' her under his noas, an' he sed implorin':
 "Wate till we git hoam!"
 "Not a minnit!" skreecht ma. "You call me your ole geezer, do you? You maik dates to leav the bussom of your fambly to meat Cora Phees in resterants, an' give them suppers an' shampain, do you? An' you a man of near sixtey? An' you the father of three children! Shame on you, John Thomas Boggs—shame on you!"
 Evverybody lafft fit to bust, an' pa tryd to creap under the tabil, but ma grabed him by the collar an' held him tite.
 I felt verry sorry for pa.
 Gust then a grate big man kaim in an' lookt aroun'.
 The minnit he sat eyes on pa he maid a rush for him.
 "Gosh hang you," he ses, as he grabbed pa by the hare, "so you're the feller what sent a noat to my wife, are you? She shoud it to me, she did, an' it waz me what told hur to anser it, so I cood ketch you hear!"
 I thort pa wood giv' up the gost on the spot, caus the man lookd as if he wood wipe up the floar with pa, an' eat him aftewids.
 Maybe ma's a holey terrer to the ole man hurslf, but she aint one of the kine to let no one ells touch him, so she jest sailed into the acktrisses husbin, an' then their waz a surkiss.
 Both pa an' ma got at the feller, an' the dishes on the tabil all waz nockt down, the peopple maid a ring aroun' them, an' the waiters al' picht in, to len' a han' to stop the muss.
 I got to skreemin', run evver to ma, an' a plicemin came in, an' the laddys in the resterent all fantid.
 It waz orful ixitemint awhile.
 An' all my forlt.
 If I hadn't tole ma about the afair, nothin' mite have happind.

Ma waz sot down in a chair by the plicemin so hard her bussel waz masht flat, an' pa waz nocked under the tabil, an' the acktrisses husbin got a black eye, an' run out into the streat, ware he wasnt seen agane.
 Evvery buddy waz torkin' at the saim time, makin' a orfull row, but wen the ofisser sed he wood taik in the hull croud, they stopt.
 "Errest that man, ofisser," sed pa, an' I seen him wink at the cop, put a fiver in his han', an' say: "He tryd to kil me with a klub!"
 "Were is he?" ast the cop.
 "Gorn," ses the owner of the plaice.
 "Do you no hoo he is?" ast the cop of pa.
 "No," ses pa, an' I cood see that he waz glad the man was gorn, "but if you will ketch him, an' sen' him up for sicks monts, I will give you a hundred dollers, an' my evver lastin' blessin' sur."
 Then we went out of the resterent, ma cryin', an' pa tellin' her it waz all a groas mistaik wich he cood ixplain wen he arryv'd hoam.
 That naot waz a sticker for him to git over, thoo, an' wen we got hoam he tryd orfull hard to give ma a fairey storey about it.
 She didnt blive him, thoo, an' they had a fite, an' ma went to bed sayin' she wood git devorst as soon as posibul.
 Pa got bak at me for givin' him away, an' orlthoo I waz in my bed, an' lookt as if asleap, he did not have no rergard for me, but socked into me with a bed slat, an' now I am sorer than I waz befour.

THURSDAY NOON.

MARCH 7TH.—I waz allmost drowndid in the rivver this mornin' by goin' doun to the dock with my new fish-poal an' fallin' in.
 If a tug-bote hadn't cum alorng jest in time I wood be a stiff.
 Wen I cum hoam soppin' wet Bridget ses ma waz up in bed with a pane in hur jore, wich I 'spose kaim from all she sed to pa about las' nite; ennyhow, I wazn't ketched, an' changed my close without bein' seen.
 It waz Bridgit's day out, an' she went as soon as she fixed the linsn on the tabil for ma, so I stayd doun in the kitchin.
 A poor man kaim to the doar, his close all ragid, an' his faice ull durtie, an' sed he didn't hav' no hoam an' nuthin' to eat, so I 'spose he coodn't wosh himself very well, evven if he worntid to.
 I ast him perlite if he woodn't cum in out of the rane an' I wood oblige, wich he did as quick as he cood.
 "Thare's a dinner for you," I ses, an' he set doun at the tabil an' wiped his hands on the tabil-kloth, an' sed it waz his salvashun frum the graiv an' hoaped I wood join him.
 I sed I wood, but he ett so quick I didn't git nuthin' by the time I got my napkinn ready, an' wat waz lef' he jamed into his pokit.
 "Are you all aloan, leetle boy?" he ast, wen he got don.
 "Ma's up stares asleep with the babey, Maria has gorn out, an' today is Bridgit's day off," I sed. "Did you like the dinner? I hoap so, 'caus ma sed charity brings a blessin' to the givver. But you didn't leav nun for me an' the rest. We ain't had ounr yet."
 "Why didn't you tell me that befour?" he ast.
 "Becaus I didn't think you'd eat evverything up," I sed.
 "Well, thair must be plenty moar were this cum frum," he ses.
 "O, yes," I anserd. "But you're puttin' the spoons an' foarks an' napkin-rings into your pokit with the grub, two."
 "Am I?" he ast, sprised. "I am orfull absint mindid."
 Then he lookt all aroun', an' he ses:
 "Wat a luvly hoam you've got hear, leetil boy."
 "O," I ses, "my pa is ritch."
 "An' he keaps monney in the hous?" he ast.
 "Lots of it," I ses.
 "Were?" he ast me verry perlite.
 "Upstares," I anserd. "In the trunk in the garrit."
 "O," he ses, pattin' me on the hed. "I see. Sho' it to me, will you?"
 "With plessur," I anserd. "Foller me up."
 "Don't maik no noise," he sed, "caus you mite waik your mamma up."
 I sed I woodn't, an' we went up stares as quiet as cood be, an' got in the garrit, were the ole trunk stood with Brigits close in it.
 It waz all a goak; there wazn't no munney in it at all, but I thort I wood fool him, on account of all the dinner he ett up.
 "Thair it is," I sed, pointin' at the ole trunk.

"Were is the kee?" he ast.

"Doun in pa's buroo draw," I sed.

"If you will git it for me," he sed, "I will giv you haff of the munney, an' you kin by a poney with it."

"An' wont pa fine it out?" I ast.

"Nevver," sed the man. "But maik no noise. If your mamma finds us out she wood giv you a teribul beatin'. Do you onderstan'?"

"I wont maik no soun'," I sed, an' I went doun stares.

Wen I got doun, I thort I wood give ma a skair, so I went into hur room, an' shook hur, an' sed in a wisper:

"Ma, git up, will you?"

"Wat do you want, you bad boy?" she ast, gittin' up.

"The cat's got up in the garret," I ses, "an' is goin' on dredfil."

"Well, why doan't you chaise it out?" she ast me.

"I can't. It's get under the floar," I anserd.

"Then wate hear, an' I will git it out," sed ma.

She took the poker an' went up the garrett stares, wile I laid low, ready to skoot doun-stares as scon as she got skaired at the ragid man wich waz in the garrett watin' for me to cum up with the kee.

The minnit ma got up in the garrett she seen the felloe.

"Murder!" she skreecht. "Boiglers! Theevs! Help!"

Then she run doun the stares, full split, the ragid man after hur, but ma ran the fastist, an' wen she got doun she slammed the doar shut an' lockt it fast on the outside, an' skreecht for me to go git a pliceman to take him in, wich I did as soon as posibel.

The ragid man waz out in the hawl wen I got bak frum the korner with the ofiser, on akount of brakin' the garrett doar doun.

The pliceman ketched him, an' pulled out of his pokit all the silver wair wat he took doun in the dinin'-room at the tabil.

Ma went to the stashun hous to maik a charg, an' wen I waz all bye myself I thort that ma would wallop me for letin' the ragid man in, so I lockt all the doars an' winders, an' wen she kaim bak, I woodn't opin nuthin' to let hur git in agane.

I wazn't goin' to git a lickin' if I cood pervent it.

She banged an' poundid at the doar for a long time, but I crep in the parler an' hid under the peano to be saif for awhile.

"They will brake in the doar pritty soon," I thort to myself, "an' if I doan't do somethin' for myself, I will git a lickin'. But wat?"

I ran up-stares to ma's bedroom, an' there waz the chance.

"Ma luvs that skinney babey bettern all the wold," I ses to my self, "an' if I keap the babey into my poure I will have hur at my mercy."

I waz thinkin' how to do it wen I seen a close-line out the winder, wich ran out to a hy poal in the bak of the yard.

So I took the babey up frum his krib, opind the winder, an' with a extree peace of roap I tyed him to the lowest line an' drawed on the other one, pullin' him out till he hung doun like some durty old close.

Ma wouldn't know were to look for him now, I waz shoor.

Then the doar was broak by one of the naybers, an' ma got in, an' caim lookin' for me, sayin' I waz a verry bad boy, an' that she waz goin' to give me a dressin' up what I wood not forgit in a hurrey.

She foun me hid in under the peano, an' pulled me out by the leg; but jest as she waz a-goin' to nock the duff out of me I sed:

"Bewair! Hit me at your perril!"

"Wat do you meen by lockin' your pour mother out?" she ast.

"Well, I wazn't goin' to git no thumpin'," I sed.

"You're got a giltey conshuns," she sed, an' she gav me a bang.

"I woodn't a-let the man in if you didn't tell me that charity is a blessin' to the giver," I sed. "So how cood I rerfoos the ragid man to cum in an' eat? Was I to no he wood eat all the dinner up?"

"What! Did he eat our dinner too?" skreecht ma, giving me another.

"Didn't even leav me a krum," I sed regrefill.

"Then that's how he happind to steal our silver, eh?" she ast.

Then I seen that I gived myself clean away about somethin' she didn't no ennything about, an' it maid me sick at my stummick.

"Tain't no use to deny it," I sed. "That's how it waz don."

"You wate till your father cum hoam!" sed ma.

"No, I won't," I sed. "I'll run away frum hoam."

"Wat! How dare you threaten me that way?" she skreecht like a wissle. "Do you forgit I am your mothur."

"No, I doan't," I ses, "an' I ain't goin' to git no lickin' neether."

"We shell see," she anserd, an' I got a wopper on the furred.

"That settles it," I sed. "Good-bye to the babbey now."

"O my chiled!" she skreecht as she 'membred it.

"It's gorn!" I sed, tragick stile.

Then I jurked myself away frum hur, an' got in the doorway.

"Wat have you done with my chiled?" she hollered, almos' in a fit.

"You won't nevver see it agane," I sed, "onlese you promis' not to tell pa on me. Fairwell to the kid, ma."

Ma lookt awfil fritend, an' run up-stares two at a time, an' wen she got in hur bedroom an' seen that Baldy (the babbey) waz gorn, she cum tarin' back to the parler agane, wavin' hur arms an' howlin' tuff.

I skinned doun the stares, tumbild an' walsed into the haul on my ear, no boans broke, face peeled, an' a lump on top of my hed; but I got up befour she got her flippers on me agane, an' ran out in the street.

I got orfil fritend then.

So I sed I woodn't go bak, but wood run away from hoam.

If I went bak agane, I wood git sich sock-dolligers it wood nock me silley, an' I didn't wornt nun of that, I waz pritty shoor.

I worked up-toun to Sentril Park, an' went in to see the munkeys, an' I forgot all about our babbey hangin' to the close-line, wich mite brake an' let him forl doun to the stoans on the yard pavmint.

All I thort on waz the lickin' I waz shoor to git from ma an' pa.

The munkeys waz orful kewt things, an' they lookt so funney an' playfill, I poakt my finger in the kaig to skratch one's hed like our Polly, but the litel son-of-a-gun bit my finger!

I skreemd.

A man got it off.

Then I skootid out, suckin' the bite.

Thair waz a yard with elerfunts, kamils, bairs an' dears what I wood like to hav a ride on; an' I playd thair wile the plaice waz opin.

It got nite after a wile, an' I startid to go hoam to see how the land layd, also to get super, as I waz pourfill hungry too.

I took the wrong path, an' then I waz lorst for a long time, an' the park got very dark, and I kep' gettiu' afraider all the time.

I got orfill tired out, an' I kumenced to krye, caus I was lorst, an' the rane got worss all the time I walked alorng.

I foun' a sumer hous after a wile, an' thair I went inside an' set doun till a officer kaim an' ast me kwesshuns, what I anserd.

Then I waz brung to the animel plais again, an' they telergraft to pa, an' he soon kaim in a kab, an' hugged me an' kryed.

He sed the plice waz skowerin' the hull city for me, as I waz lorst, an' that ma waz half looney as the babey coodn't be found yet.

An' thair it waz hangin' to the closeline all the time, if it did not fall off, I thort, so I told pa wat I done with Baldy.

He was orfill skaired, sed I would be the death of my parents, an' he hurried to get me into the kab, an' we went home agane.

He left me in ma's arms, both of us cryin', an' he rusht up-stares an' pulld in the kloas-line, an' thair waz the babbey, still rapt in the blankitt, yellin' like furey, soakin' wet, but all O. K.

They waz glad to git me bak, babbey dittow, so I didn't git lickt.

FRYDY.

MARCH 8th.—Ower skinney kid's near ded with a kole it kort in the rane, an' I gav it a glas of roc an' rie, like pa taiks wen he has kold, but I gess the doas waz too mutch, it got so stoopid.

Thay doan't no wat is the mater with it, an' think it is goin' to kroak, so I won't say nuthin' about wat I don.

A orgin-grinders munkey kaim in the winder for a penny, an' I tyed Maria's bussle on it, an' hit it with a hammer wich broke its tale, an' it gumpt out on a fat man wich waz passin' bye.

I gess a amberlents took away the orgin-grinder, the fat man an' the munkey, afterwids; ennyhow tooth-piks is all wats lef of the orgin.

The grossery boy kaim in with a bushell of koal on his shoulder, as ourn gav out, an' waz goin' doun the seller stares with it, wen our kat gumpt out of my arms on the baskit, on akount of the pin I stuck in its laig. The grossery boy got to the botum under the koal; I think the kat skipped out of the seller throo the shoot.

The klam-pedler kaim bye sellin' cod-fish, an' ma bort some musils frum him wich I am verry fond of, an' she sed I coodn't have nun on akount of my wikked waze, I swiped some wen Bridgit waz not lookin'.

I waz goin' to have a feest, but as ma near ketcht me, I slipt them into the pokit of Maria's dress, wich the dres-maiker gust brought in an' lade on the tabil; an' wat shood I do but fergit 'em.

The new ministre kaim in this afternoon, an' Maria had to dress in sich a hurey, she didn't notis the smel of the musils till she waz in the parler torkin' to him awhile, an' he ast her if she'd ben fishin'.

She smelld it too, an' pulld out hur hankerchiff wich brought out the musils with it all cvver the floar.

I reckon the minister thort the perfoom wazn't Jokey Klubb.

I bort a hors to-day with pa's dimind studd.

Pa's ben promisin' to git me a poaney so mennys times that wen he lyed to me about it the last leven times I waz ust to it, an' didn't pay no attenshun to it, but maid up my mind to git it myself, so I layd lo till this afternoon, wen I found his studd on the buroo of his room.

He sed it waz wuth five hundred dollars.

I skoopt it, an' as it waz wuth so much, I thort it waz as good as munney enney time of the weak, an' setild on the hors I worntid.

It waz the one wat Jake Blinkstine's farthur used to hav to drive the stoan kart with, wen thay waz gradin' the streat, an' I seen it in Isick Sollermun's sail staibul up the streat.

After dinner I went up thair, an' Isick sed to me:

"Helloe, Petey, vot do you vornt to-day?"

He is a Poal, my pa ses, wich maiks him so fillthey.

"I wornt to bye a hoars," I anserd.

He lafft, an' skrud up his eye.

"Vot kind?" he ast me.

"Jake's father's hors," I sed, an' he lafft agane.

"How mutch you vill geef for him?" he ast me.

"This studd," I anserd, shoin' it to him.

"Vere you got dis ting?" he ses, grabbin' it quik.

"O, I foun' it," I sed.

I waz skaird he wood tell pa if I tolle him the trooth.

He lookt at it a good deal, an' to maik shoor, I sed:

"I waz tolle that it waz worth at least five hundred dollars."

He lookt awfil sli, an' he sed to me:

"Dat hors is vort more, but I geef him to you for it, if you don't tell somebody vere you got de studd, Petey."

It waznt verry likeley I wood tell pa at wunce, an' as I worntid that hoars powerfull bad, I sed all rite, an' then he maid out a bil of sail for me an' tolle me to hide it for a long time, that he wood taik kair of the hors for me for at leest too monts, an' that I kood kum in au'taik a ride enney time I want, in the day.

I sed I worntid a ride then, an' he ast me if I waz ust to ridin' on hoarsbak, wich I sed I waz, an' then thay brought out a sadil an' a bridil, an' put them on the hoarsi's bak for me.

Isick liftid me up on the sadil, an' gaiv me a stik. an' the hors startid off down the streat with me at a run.

I begun to slip an' got skaird, an' twistid my arms aroun' the nek, but the gouncin I got waz dredfil in the extream.

A waging went by, a dorg barkt at his heals, an' a boy fyerd a stoan wich waz enuff to skair enney hors to deth, like it don this wun, for he fareley wizzed alorng, reered up his heals an' snortid.

Evvery wunce in a while his nek wood bunk me on the noas, till it got bloatid up like a sorsidge.

I hollerid to him to stop caus I worntid to git of, but he woodn't wo at all, an' it got to be orful the way I waz slammed up an' down.

Then I begun to yell for somebody to stop him, but thay all lafft an' I gurkt at the rains, till my han's waz all soar to the boan.

I don't see wy people is so kruel as to see a litel feler like me all-moast split his straddil without helpin' him to stop.

Gust as I got to the korner of Markit streat, hoo shood I see but pa cummin' up twards hoam with another brick in his hat.

He seen me, two, an' after he got oavver his s'prise, he shook his kain, an' startid out into the midle of the streat to help me.

The ole plug wat I waz on shied, danst on his hind laigs, an' boltid into a krockerry stoar with pa after him.

In a minnit I waz seroundid with shours of dices an' glasswa!

The man wat keaps the p'aise kaim into the stoar frum the bakoom, an' the air got bloo with the way he swared at me an' the hors.

"Saiv my boy!" my pa hollerid.

"Saiv my things!" the stoar man hollerid.

All the time the noise the brakin' glas an' chiner maid kep skarrin'

the hors worser an' worser, an' pa lammed him with his kain, an' kort me by the foot an' pulled my boddy off of his bak.

Then the hors waz drivin' out of the stoar, leevin' it a reck, an' the man kollerid my pa, an' sed he wood hav to pay the damidges.

Pa hit the hors with his kain, an' the hors run away, an' pa told the man to go to blazes, an' he took me away hoam agane.

Wen we got thair, he sed to me with teers in his eyes:

"You bad boy you have rooined me with that krockerry man's bil, an' we will all go to the poor hous befoar long with you. Were in thundir did you git the ole plug you waz ridin' on?"

Gust then ma kaim runnin' doun stares, an' grabbin' pa, she sed:

"O, John Thomas, we have been gittin' robbed by boiglers!"

"Good hevvin, wat is the matter?" pa ast awful skairt.

"Your stud is gorn!" groond ma.

"Ware?" ast pa, lettin' me go an' gumpin' up.

"The Lord only noes," ses ma, sinkin' doun in a chare.

I waz tryin' to slyde out of the room wen pa seen me.

I gess thare waz somethin' in my faice wat told him I knowd about the studd, caus he ketcht me an' he ses in a terribul raig:

"Didn't you talk it, you cussed little sinner?"

Sumtimes I think I aint got no conshunts, an' that I am a verry bad boy all the way throo, but wen I seen pa's eye on me that way, an' thort of all the damidge I don, my kurridge failed me.

I waz gust goin' to own up wen pa sed in tender toans:

"Rermember Jorge Washintin, my sun, an' nevver tell a lye. If you are onist, I will treet you betern if you give me a breeze."

"I will tell the trooth," I sez, thinkin' that pa had a good hart.

"That's rite—be onist, skware, an' uprite," sez pa, "an' you will alwuz git alorng in the world, as a Krischun sitersin."

"I hookt the dimind," I ses.

Then pa riz an' hit me a kick wat near parelized me.

"You gosh blamed littel theef!" he yell'd.

That boot is wat maid a changed boy of me evver.sence.

It dont pay a feller to jege by perrenses, nohow, caus pa lookt jist like a angell wen he pumpt me.

If evver I git in a fix agane, I am goin' to lye like a snoozer, an' stik to it like a poress-plaster.

I bit pa's laig, an' that maid him houl dreadful.

He yeild to ma to poor bilin' worter on my hed, but she waz out in the haul to anser the basemint doar-bell wat just then rung.

"Le' go of me!" skreemd pa, dancin' aroun' on one laig.

I cooldnt tork, caus I had his hull kaff in my mouth, it seamed, but ma kaim in with a kauller, wichs voice maid me gump.

It waz Isick Sollermun.

"Dis dimind is maid out of paist!" he sed, awfull mad, "an' I giv your boy a five hundred dollar hors for it. Gimme my hors!"

But the hors was gorn.

"Wat!" sed pa, almost krusht. "Did he give you that studd for the animile I ketcht him ridin' on jist now?"

"Yes, an' he sed he foun' it!" sed Mr. Solomon. "Befour I wood ware a ole peese of glas like this, I wood drop ded!"

"Sir, ses pa rilin' up, "that is my own studd!"

"I don't care hoo own it," sed Isick Solerman, "I wornt back my hors, an' no foolin' about it neether!"

An' he fiered doun pa's stud on the tabil an' cummenct to sware.

Pa waz jest fierin' him out the doar wen in kaim the krockerry man with a bill a yard lorn'g for dices wat the hors broak, an' sed if pa didn't pay him he wood hav a soot on his hans wat he woodn't like.

That maid pa madder an' madder, an' he saled rite into the too of them, but thay jined forses an' picht into pa, an' he had a trifick tus-sill with the too of them in the airy.

All the naybers kaim in, an' thay sed pa waz off on another of his toots, an' helpt the krockerry man an' the Poal.

It jest did me a heap of good to see them punch the ole man till he got a shiner on boath of his eyes, an' the kikk he gaiv me felt a site better than it did befor.

Ma faintid ded away, so she coondt help him nun, an' the patroall waggin waz calld up by the baikker, an' the three of them waz all took away, tryin' to pulverize each other.

I thort it wood be best to keap shadey for a while, so I got into my room an' I lockt the doar on the inside.

Wen pa kaim hoam he waz bound oavver to keap the pease, an'

kaim lookin' for me to finnish our tork, but he coodn't find me. I won't cum out till thay pull me out by the hare.

SATERDY EVENIN'.

MARCH 9TH.—Thare's a nigger boy wat lives in our streat wich they call the Gaim Rooster, hoo is deth on fightin', an' as I didn't git no supper las' nite, an' no breckfist this mornin', I klum out of my bedroom winder, onto the bak shedd, an' went oavver the fents to his yard.

I torkt to him about the best way to git out of my skraip without gittin' a lickin', an' he sed to hit pa with a ax wen he waz asleep.

I doan't think I will; I ain't got the kurridge.

* Then I ast him to git me something to eat, an' he sed he wood if I gav him the wotch ma gave me las burthdy, an' as I waz orfill hungry I did an' he got a peace of livver frum his muther, an' I ett it.

Then I went throo his hous to the streat, an' I breethd a sye of re-leaf, for I feltt as if I waz fre wunce moar!

Hoo shood I meat but Mr. Obadiah Leek, my systir Maria's bow.

He had a ole krow on his arm, wich he waz goin' to pass bye our hous with, to git Maria gellus of him.

He seen me an' his eyes glaired.

"Hollow, Leek," ses I, "were did you ketch it?"

"Ketch wat?" he snapped at me.

"Wat you're got on your arm," I sed.

"O!" skreemed the ole boan-yard, "hav that imperdint boy arrestid!"

"You needn't tork," I sed, to skair him. "You're in trubbil, Leek."

"Trubbil?" he ast, "wat trubbil?"

"Breach of promis," I sed.

"I doan't onderstan' you?" he sed turnin' pail.

"Wat!" I sed, foolin' him. "Ain't you hurd the noose?"

"Ixplane yourself!" he sed, gittin' fritind.

"Wy, my systir is sooin' you four breech of promis."

"You doan't say," ses he.

"Your naim is mud, Leek!"

I noed he waz a miserley man, an' my woids wood hav effeckt verry tuff.

For a minnit he lookt as if all his teeth waz drawd at wunce, then he sed to the old skairkrow he had, kinder tremblin' like:

"Miss Doosenberry, youle hav to ijkuse me, as I hav got sum verry importint bisniss to tend to. Can you go hoam aloan?"

"Mr. Leek," sed the ole made, "this is a verry rude way to trete a laidy wat you brung out for a walk, 'pon my sakred woid."

"But I must see Miss Boggs at wunce," he sed. "This soot must be stopt, or I am a rooind man, dont cher noe?"

"Wat!" shreetk the ole gal, "hav you got the bras to tell me that you are goin' to call on that Boggs wommin, sir?"

"I've got to," ses Mr. Leek.

"Then go," she ses, fierin' his arm away as skornfull as a mewl, "an' nevver let me klap eye on you agane, you deseafill felloe!"

An' with that she went off in a kernephshun fit, an' Mr. Leek lookt as if he got ridd of a grate load frum his mind, as well as his arm.

"Petey," ses he in verry mild toans, as he pulld a big pakidge of karermells out of his pokit, "I bort these for that thair chessnut, but I giv them to you if youle taik me too your hous an' try to fix things sos I kin hav a foo minnits konversayshun with Maria."

I glood to them kandys like a rat to cheas.

"I go you," I ses. "Kum on."

Then we went hoam, an' I left him in the parler wile I went up to Maria's room with a rush, to tell hur the noos.

She waz doin' up hur hare, an' puttin on sum she bort with harepins wen I kaim in, an' she skreemd I entered so suddenly.

"So you've kum out of your kaig?" she began.

"Maria," I sed all breathless, "Mr. Leek's here, to see you!"

I thort she'd ixpyre the way she set down on the bed.

"Mr. Leek," she gaspid as if dreemin'—"heer?"

"I brung him into the parler," ses I.

"To see me?" she ast, droppin' hur hare.

"Yes. I've fixt maters for you!"

"How?" she ast, all of a trembel.

"Sed you waz sooin' him for breech of promis."

"Villun!"

"He's skaired of losin' his munney, an' wornts to maik up."

"Grate Peter!"

"Yes," ses I, "big hed heer, Maria!"

"I didn't meen you!" she sed.

I wiltid.

"Hurry an' fix up," ses I, "an' keap up the desepshun, Mollie. It waz me hoo got you in trubbil, an' it wil be me hoo will git you out of it agane. That's fare, ain't it?"

"Petey," ses she, kissin' me an' weapin, "you're a daisey!"

"Maybe I'm a hoodoo," ses I, "but you kin bet you're ole socks I ain't got no flys on me all the saim."

"Ugh! What slang!" she sed with a shudder.

I dustid doun stares, to lock the door, an' keep Mr. Leek frum bakin' out an' runnin' away; then I went into the parler.

He waz sittin' on the sofer, lookin' verrey bloo, an' I sed:

"Syster will be doun jest as soon as she pins on that new hare wat she bort to-day, Mr. Leek, so pleas have pashunts."

The way he smyld he lookt sik.

"Is your pa at hoam, Petey?" he sed, lookin' aroun' kinder skairt.

"Not yet," said I, "but he soon will kome in, an' if you an' Maria ain't maid up, wy I gess Ide better git a ofisser heer to help you."

"O, no nead," sed he, with another sik grin.

I doan't noe how Maria got on hur things so kwik, but she was doan into the parler allmoast as soon as I waz, an' roshin up to Mr. Leek she grabbed him. He grabbed hur two.

I stood by, an' this is wat I hurd their mouths say.

"Plunk! Plunk! Plunketty-plunk! Ker-skwash! Fizz! Yum!" I will dror the kurtin.

It made me tyred.

I slid out.

"Petey!"

It waz ma.

She had me by the koller.

"Don't!" I yelld. "Ask Maria. Ask Maria!"

"What?" ses ma.

"Look in thare!" ses I, pointin' at the parler."

"Wat—" she kumments to skreech, but I intrupted with:

"Hush! Don't maik so much noise, or youle spoile evvery thing." Then she peekt in thro a krak.

"Hoo don this, Petey?" she sed verry sollum.

"I did," sed I.

"God bles you," sed ma, "I thort we'd nevver marrie her off."

Wen pa kaim in, I thort he wood skin me as he maid a brake for me with a klub; but wen ma told him wat I don, he fergot all about wat I maid him pay for that krokkerry an' hors, an' he sed I was boun to be a aldarmin some day, an' a kredit to my kuntry an' frends.

Wat a lukkey thing for me that I happind to meat Mr. Leek in the streat with that ole klock-stopper, the way I did to-day!

Mr. Leek stayd to tee, caus him an' Maria waz made up agane, an' I waz givven the best on the tabil to eat, wich pleezed me verry mutch.

Maria an' all hands must aplayed the gag I gav to Mr. Leek for all it waz worth, for pa an' him waz good frends agane, an' evverything waz as luvly as a June bed-bug, as the sayin' is.

I didnt noe that ma and pa worntid Maria to git marryed so bad, but I 'spose that his boodle waz a grate inooseemint.

After tee I waz alloud to go doun in the basemint after they all waz up in the parler, an' thare waz Bridgit sittin' on her bows lap.

I thort Ide a died wen I gumpt in an' skreecht:

"Chaing kars!" to them.

Pat Sullivan waz on beet in our hous, caus the rounsmen waz not aroun, I gess, an' waz on the beet in moar waze than wun, as he waz beatin' pa outer more of his wine.

He stuk the botil up his bak wen I bownsed in, an' Bridgit maid bleeve she waz huntin' for a breast-pin on the floar, but I wasnt no jay at them kinder fake things, caus I oftin peekt thro the kee-hoal at my systre an' hur bow wen they don the saim thing.

"O!" sed Bridgit, "its onley Petey."

"A foine little bye he is, two," sed Mr. Sullivan.

Then they boath laft.

He took me on his lap instid of Bridgit, then, an' I stuk a pin in him behine his bak to see if he waz as tuff as pa sed he waz.

I gess he waznt.

At least he didn't seam to be the way he gumpt an' hollered.

Then he lookt at the seat of the chare to see if there waz ennything sharp he sat doun on, but thair wazn't, I reckon, 'cause he didn't fine nuthin', so he set doun more kairfull nex' time.

Bridgit toin'd doun the lite, an' we sat in the dark a while, an' I thort I wood play policemin on the Gaim Rooster the nex' day an' try to git my wotch bak agane, as ma mite lick me for givin' it away to him. So I draw'd out my pen-knife an' unbenowst to Mr. Sullivan I cut off as menny of his buttins as I kood an' swiped his badg in the dark.

I hoap the captin at the stashun-hous' will not notis it an' ask him if he lorst them things in our hous wen he orter be on dooty, lik the rounsmen did a little wile laiter.

He waz strikin' his klub, so Pat run out verrey suddint, an' I went to the doar an' hurd this konversashun:

"Sullivan, where wuz you?"

"I seen a spisus karackter in Mr. Boggse's airy an' chaist him out."

"I didn't see him nowares, an' I've been stanin rite hear ten minutes by the wotch a-lookin' for you on dooty."

"He passt throo the hous an' went oavver the bak fents."

"O! But ware is your badg an' your buttins?"

"Grate hevvins, thayre gone!"

"Yes—I see thay are. But ware?"

"I had a rassle with the man——"

"O, I ain't no chump. That doan't wosh."

"Are you a-goin' to reroart me, rounsmen?"

"Off koors. Go to hedkworters an' reroort at wunce."

Mr. Sullivan syed an' went away, an' I went up-stares chucklin'.

SUNDY, 7 P. M.

MARCH 10TH.—A verrey misterius thing happind to-day, wich near set our hull fambly looney, but it waz my forlt, an' I feal giltey.

Evver sents that afair of Miss Cora Phee, ma has bin verrey gellus of pa, an' allwaze surchis his pokits throo in the mornin' besour he is awaik, to see if he has got enney luv letters in them.

I seen this, an' I thort it wood be a goak to rite a leter an' put it in pa's pokit on the sly so ma wood fine it.

O, wy am I a praktickle goakiss?

Wy can't I be a good boy instid of a holey terrer?

But do not let me antiserpait, my deer noat-book, so I will tell you all my sekrits in kwik suckseshun, an' rereev my minde.

I rite the leter on a peese of Maria's pink sentid papir as follos:

"DEERIST JOHN: I kant ixplane how sorrey I waz that we got seen at the resterent, an' I wood like to meat you agane wen youre ole geezer an' my chump ain't aroun' nowares. Maik a apointmint some-wares. I luv you two mutch to let you go so eazzy. Repli soon.

"Yourse till deth.

"CORA."

Then I put it in pa's koat pokit wen it waz hung on the doar durin' dinner las nite, an' wen ma got up this mornin' she foun it.

Holey smoak! wazn't she wyld.

She glaired at it like Mr. Leek glaired at me yistiddy, then she hopt up an' doun, shook hur fist at poor pa wich waz aslepe, an' sed:

"Derseevd! Derseevd! He luv's that wommin! He is playin me faltz. He has a intrigg. This is proof of his perfidy. Wat will I do?"

First she waz goin' to sock him in the jore, but she chainged hur mynd, an' I hurd hur say verrey sofley to hurselv:

"No! I will wate! I will wotch him, an' ketch him in the ack. Then fairwell to lief—fairwell to hoap—fairwell to evverything!"

She stufft the anunneymus leter into hur buroo dror, and lokt it.

I koodn't help laffin' wen I thort of pa gittin' wotcht all the time now, an' how mad it wood maik him.

That leter waz the first thing that brung on the trubbil, fur it waz playin' rite into a verrey kwear trane of surkimstansis.

The nex thing wat happind waz to-day, wile ori hans waz at dinner ixcept pa, wich waz up in the bath-room koamin' himself with the fine tooth one, wen the frunt doar bell rung sharp an' suddint.

We hurd pa go to the doar, so Bridgit went on waitin' on tabil.

Then we hurd pa let somebuddy in, an' lok the doar, then they torkt in lo toans awile, so lorn, in fact, that ma got up, kuriss.

She waz verrey nurviss, an' spishus oavver that leter she found, an'

seamd to think that the leter an' the persun wich just kauld had sumthin' to do with each uther, somehow.

I went up-stares after hur, leavin' Mr. Leek to finnish diner with my systur aloan, wich pleezed them moar'n if I staid, an' gust as ma got to the hed of the stares, pa kaim out of the bak parler all flusted up, an' lookin' as if he don somethin' he ortonter do.

"John!" ses ma, "hoo kauld?"

"No wun!" sed pa, moar nurviss than at foist.

"Oh, yes they did!" sed ma, "I hurd the doar-bel ring."

"It waz onley sum one askin' if Tom Kollins livd hear," sed pa.

"But no wun went out agane," sed ma.

"No wun kaim in; we torked at the doar," sed pa.

He kep lookin' giltey all the time thoo, an' ma notissed it.

"It is about that acktriss wommin," I hurd hur muttre.

"Go doun too dinner," sed pa, insinuwatin' an' jentil.

"No," sed ma, furmley; "you go doun an' I will stay in the parler, as you ain't had nuthin' to eat yet, John."

"O, I ain't hungry," sed pa, "an' I wood sooner stay up heer. In fact, Jemima, I wish you wood go out for a while with Petey, an' tell Maria an' hur bow to do so two, as I will hav sum privat bisniss to do with a surtin parte in this hous this afternoon—will you?"

He kep alookin' back into the parler orl the time, an' ma notissit it, wile a spishus look kaim over hur face worst than before.

"No, I won't!" she sed. "This is a verrey straing thing to ask."

"Well," sed pa, figittin' aroun' verrey oneazzy, "it is a mater wich I kan't ixplain jist now, but I will tell you all about it later on."

Ma thort a litel wile, an' then she smyld as if she had stummik' aik, an' sed in verrey sweet toans to him:

"Orl rite, John; if it is a mater of impoartince to you I will do so as soon as Maria an' Mr. Leek goes out."

So she went up-stares to git on hur things, an' pa skootid into the parler, an' I peekt throo the doar an' seen him go to the klosit near the bak winder, open it on a krak, an' hurd him say to sum wun:

"The koast is allmoast kleer. My wief is goin' out. Lay lo awile, an' I will fix this thing sos you won't be sean."

"Lor," thinks I, "he haz got sum wun hid in the klosit! I'll tell ma."

So with that I softly went up-stares into the haul, where ma waz peekin' oavver the bannisters, an' I drawd her into the bedroom an' I sed:

"Ma, I gust seen pa torkin' to sum wun wat waz hid in the parler klosit. Don't you giv it away I told you or he will go for me."

"That wommin—that wommin!" sed ma, frantick, an' pulld hur own hare.

"I gess it's that actriss," sed I, to keap up the goak.

"O, Petey, it are hur!" sed ma, wavin' hur arms an' strikin' out.

"Wat a gay derseaver pa is, to be shoor," I sed, to konsoal hur.

"The bald-hedded ole kodjer!" she ixclaimed, "Ile fix him!"

"Wat's to be did?" I ast.

"Will you help your poor hart-broak muther?" she ast me.

"Ile stan' by you thro mud an' slush!" I sed.

"Then hide somewares, an' stay thair until I sen' for you."

"Wat for, ma?"

"To trap that ole sinner."

"How kin you do it?"

"Wy, Ile maik bleev go out to stay, an' kum bak in the basemint doar, an' that way ketch him," she anserd.

"Then let hur go!" ses I.

Ma got ready for the streat, an' I went doun in the seller.

In a little wile Maria an' hur bow went out karidge ridin' an' ma left the hous, an' Bridgit went up to hur room to get a nap as usal.

I got out of the seller an' kaim up into the parler haul klosit, an' hurd ma kum bak by the basmint doar.

Pa waz in the bak parler, an' didn't see ma kum up an' jine me in the klosit. Wen she kaim in I near skairt her imbesile.

She jist got hid, wen we hurd pa say:

"My own dearist sweethart, in spite of all this trubble, I will be trew to you till deth. My luv kan never be chainged——"

"O, the hippetkrit!" hist ma.

"Nobuddy kin evver part us," pa went on.

"Blaim his ugly hide!" gaspt ma, near krazey.

"I will meat you in Sentril Park at the arssennell, were no wun will

be apt to see us, an' we kin thair plite our troth an' injy a few min-nits of stolin' blis wunce moar—”

“Jest lissen to the beest!” groand ma.

“Your persoers won't think of lookin' thair for you,” pa went on, “an' my ole ladie wood nevver think of lookin' thair for me.”

“His old ladie!” snortid ma. “Woodint she thoo!”

“Don't tork so loud, or youle spoile the surkiss!” I wispered.

“God bless an' keap you ferever,” pa continyoud.

Then ma allmost broak loos she waz so mad.

“The imperdint huzzie!” she kryd, hur voic verry hors. “To hav the gall to kum into a desent an' respecktible wommin's hous an' maik luv to hur ole bald-headed an' friskey husbin in this way! O, I kood tare hur eyes clean out of hur hed. Let me out, Petey, let me out!”

“No,” sed I. “Wate, muther. Rervenge!”

The doar bel rung jist then an' pa went an' oapind it.

I had a regler tussill to keap ma bak wile this waz happenin', for pa sed kwick an' nurvis as kood be befor he anserd the bell:

“Cheese it! Git into the klosit agane. Sum wun is kumin'.”

Then me an' ma had a teribul strugil, an' onley stopt wen we hurd pa in the bak parlor agane, an' this time a ladies voice torkin two.

“It is hur?” sed ma.

“My deer Fanny,” sed pa, then he wispered somethin.

“O, Mr. Boggs,” she replyd, “your words fill me with derlite!”

“The ole pizen duffer!” groand ma.

“It maiks my hart throb to hav you heer,” anserd pa.

“O,” she anserd, “how kan I show my apresheashun?”

“Doan't say a woid!” sed pa, laffin'.

“I will—heer—Ile kis you!”

An' ker-smak went her lips agin hisn.

That waz two mutch for ma too stan.

She gaiv a woop, bustid oppin the klosit doar, an' rusht out.

Thair stood a luvley yong gurl, grabbin' him aroun' the nek.

O, Lor', wat a seen for ma to see, an' I lafft till I split the buttins all orf my pants to see the surkiss wat follerid.

Ma saled rite into the gal, an' mite a tared hur to peeses, onley for pa, hoo held hur off at arms distins, an' sed sturnley:

“Bak, foolish wommin, bak, I say!”

“Never!” skreecht ma, strugglin' to git at hur.

“It's orl a grate mistaik,” sed pa.

“Yes,” sed the gal, “a teribul mistaik.”

“The pruse of your gilt is verry evverdint!” skreecht ma.

“Lissen!” sed pa.

“You kan't ijkuse yourself!” pantid ma.

“Then I will ixplane,” sed a man, an' out of the klosit stept a stileish young feller, an' the prutty gal run to his arms, an' cryd:

“Hennery!”

“Fanny!” sed the young feller.

Then thay kisst.

“Ixplane this seen!” sed ma, verry mutch sprised.

“We are sweethearts,” sed the young man, “an' I kaim heer to hide from the police, as I near killd a man for insultin' hur. She waz to meet me heer, an' sent me a leter wich your husbin just red, as I shoudt it to him.”

“O!” sed ma. “Then he waz reedin' a luv letter of yourn aloan in the parlor heer instid of torkin' to a gal, eh?”

“She onley just kaim in,” sed the young feller.

“O!” sed ma with a sye of relief.

“The man I injured refused to maik a charg agin me,” said the young feller, “an' Fanny kaim to tell me I needn't hide no moar.”

“O!” sed ma agane.

“Hur folks waz oposed to our weddin,” said the young feller, “an' we are now goin' to eloop. So we will go now.”

Thay went walkin' out then, after thankin' pa, an' wen we waz aloan agane ma sed to pa:

“She kist you!”

“Yes; out of graterhood for helpin' my young friend, wen I told hur in a wisper that he waz hid in the klosit.”

“Wy didn't you let me into the sekrit?” ast ma.

“I wood, if you watid long enuff,” sed pa. “I first worntid to fix things hunk for my frend.”

“An' this leter, wich I foun in your pokit?”

“Was writ by that bad boy, Petey—I noe his writin' You was foold,” sed pa, laffin', aftur he lookt at the letur I rote.

Ma got mad as a hornit, an' lookt for me, but I waz gorn like a shadder, an' sins then I've been dodgin' hur, as I noe wat to ixpekt.

TEN O'KLOK.

MARCH 14.—My dear noat-book: it is three days sins I had a chants to poor out my trubbls into your ear, on akount of the banty-legd guriller, wat keeps the musey whole neer killin' me Mundy nite.

This is how it hapind:

Maria waz so glad that I brung bak Mr. Leek to hur, that she gav me a dyme so I kood go to the sho, wen I ast hur for it, an' I took the chants to go in the afternoon matinee.

A terribul fat wommin wat stood neer the human skelertin waz wat first drawd my attenshun, an' I spoak to hur.

“You're a daisy kureyoserty!” I sed. “Ain't you stuft anney, ma'am?”

She turnd aroun', an' glaird at me dredfil.

I wazn't skaird at all, an' I sed to hur verrey perlite:

“You look as if you wayd 800 pounds, like the sho bils say, but I wood like to feal of your arm, to see if it is all jenyouwine.”

“Kunfoun' your imperdince!” she sed, gittin' red in the fais.

I maid a grab for hur, however, an' ketcht hur by the boddey, for I waz goin' to asshure myself that she wazn't no fake fat wommin.

She hord off an' puncht at me, an' I dodged.

“Git away from me, you brat!” ses she, allmoast chokin' with raig.

“O,” sed I, keapin' hold, “I ain't goin' to git bluft by no skin gaim.”

“Ile hav you arrested!” she sed.

“Wat for?” I ast her.

“I ain't no kureyoserty, Ime the managers wife!” sed she.

I thort Ide drop dead.

But I let go of hur, an' wile the kroud lafft, I skipt away.

At the uther end of the room was the lepperd-boy—that little nigger, the game rooster with durtey spots on him, wich I spit on my finger, an' tryd to rub off.

It left blak streaks ware my finger rubd, so I knoed he was painted.

He tryed to hit me with a mop wich a scrubbing-womin karied with a pale of worter, so I snacht the pale of durtey worter frum hur an' picht it all oavver him, pale an' all, as it waz too hevvey to hold.

Then he lookt jist like pa's stript pants, for the wite paint ran doun oavver his blak boddey, haff wosht off.

“Wot a sell,” sed a man, an' evveryboddey sed the saim.

The lepperd-boy hollerd for the manager an' he kaim, but I didn't want to git bounced, so I kairfilley maid traks for another part of the room, the kroud hidin' me a good deal, wile the manager hurried to taik the lepperd-boy out of the room, an' paint him oavver, I gess.

I seen that he waz the Gaim Rooster, wich had my wotch for the pease of livver, but I dIdn't let on for feer he wood lay for me.

Ime ruther skaird of the Gaim Rooster, caus he is a verrey hard nut, an' kin lick enney boy in our streat.

A bald-hedded man with a wart on his noas, stood in frunt of a dwarft wich sat on a tabul, an' as he had a verrey good fais, I sed to him as softly as a suthern zeffer:

“Say, mister, wat do you think of its jiblets?”

“Hey?” sed he, puttin' his hand to his ear.

“Wat do you think that false orter bring in a orkshun sail, for a kuntey skair-kro?” I sed, pointin' at the uggley litil dwarft.

“Orkshun?” sed the man, lookin' puzild.

“Wat's the mater—are you deaf?” I ast him a litle louder.

“I don't heer verrey well,” sed he.

I forgot then that the dwarft kood neer me, an' I sed:

“Raffill that kromo off, an' Ile taik a chants for a cent, to use it for a nitemare. Will you go me, ole feller?”

I guess the dwarft didn't like it.

Ennyhow, he wantid to hit me dredfill bad.

“Blast you,” sed the man with the wart on his noas, “he's my son.”

I thort a oithquoik kaim.

The man's boot did, ennyhow.

It kort me in a verrey tender spot, an' maid me see stars.

That maid me tired about dwarfts in fucher, an' I sed to meself

that a pursin orter be verrey kairfill of what he ses about uther peepil wen straingers is around to heer it.

I waz so soar oavver it that I worntid to go hoam at foist, but I chainged my mind wen I seen the Wat-is-It torkin' to the jient.

I wish I was Gak the Jient-killer.

If I waz, thair wood be onley a grees-spot left of that feller now, on akount of the swat in the jore he gaiv me for pluggin' him in the eye with my puttey-blower.

It waz a lorn-raig shot, an' I onley worntid to see if I koodn't strik the bull's-eye twict outer three times.

The What-is-It got the uther wun up the noas, an' it stuk thair.

He had on a labul that he waz fresh frum the wiles of Afriker, but he pulled out the wad, shook his fist at me, an' sed:

"Be jabers!"

I sneeked, caus his African tork wass two mutch for me.

In wun korner waz a tank with a wommin-fish, wich a ole man waz tryin' desprit hard to mash, but she wiggeld hur tale an' onley lafft at him, swum aroun', an' he kep leenin' oavver the tank more than defour.

Rite behine him waz his skinney wife, wich was intrestid in a five-leggid mewl, wile she was holdin' onto a big bull-pup by a string.

I stept on hur bunyun.

It waz a axident.

She didn't think so, thoo.

She wooped, an' gumpt bak onto the dorg.

Then the pup kinder tied hisself up into a sailer's slip-not.

Wen he untwistid hisself he ketcht hur by the foot, an' she sprung bak, hit the ole man, an' he skreecht an' fell into the tank with the murmade, an' thay had a rassell up to thare necks in the worter.

The last I seen of them the ole womin had hur pup by the throat an' waz punchin' it with hur umbreller, wile the ole man tore all the home-maid tale off the murmade an' she waz chewin' his ear off.

As I don the axident, I thort I bet'er git out of the way of them parties ontill thay was all in a beter youmer, so I travild.

Ime alwaz gittin' into trubbil of some kind.

A krewl fait seem to persoo me evveryware.

Ime onlukey to evverybuddy an' myself, too.

Evvery pursun kauls me a hoodoo, so I must be wun.

The minnit I struk the uther side of the room, wat shood I do but bunk into the five hundred dollar figger of Apolo Belverdeer, an' it went doun ker-smash an' broak into a millyun peeses!

The manager rusht oavver an' grabd a ole party wat stood near it.

He lookt like wun of them millyunears wat maik their boodl in the pork bisniss, but hait to spend a sent.

"Wat did you brake that immidge for?" yelld the manager.

"I didn't!" sed the ole duff.

"Yes, you did, an' Ime goin' to maik you pay for it, too," sed the manager, as he grabd the bloat by the nek-tye an' shook him like a rat.

"That thair boy don it!" houled the ole feller, pointin' at me.

"I didn't," sed I. "He is biggern me, an' wants to lay it onto me."

"You did!" he screecht.

"I didn't," sed I, orfull innersent. "That's jist the way with you rich fellers. If you do enny thing, wich will kost you a blamed sent, you wornt to stik it onto a por little boy, wich is a orfun an' ain't got nuthin' to pay for enneything."

I gess the manager knewed that it waz me, but he thort he kood git moar outer the ole feller than me, so he sed:

"That thair boy didn't do nuthin' of the kine. I seen you do it myself, an' if you don't pay for it I will have you arrestid."

"Proov it!" bellered the old faik.

"I will!" sed the manager.

He lookt aroun' an' seen too of his men lookin' on an' winkt at 'em.

"Heer is too witnisses," sed he. "Say, youse gents; didn't this man brake this heer immige? Didn't youse see him do it, say?"

"Of kors we did," sed thay; "an' we kin sware to it in kort, two."

The ole feller seen that he waz at the mursey of a gang of fellers wich wood suck his blud dry, if thay kood.

"How mutch is it?" he ast.

"Well," sed the manager, "it kost 500—"

"Sents," intruptid the ole feller, talkin' out his wallitt.

"Let it go at that," sed the manager with a grin.

"Then Ile pay you for it, to saiv trubbill, thoo I didn't brake it," sed the man. "But I want the statusfaxun to kik that gosh-blaimed little lyer out ov this plais, jist to work off my mad."

"Don," sed the manager, an' he got the bill.

I thort it waz time to vamoose out of thare.

So I startid to go.

But the ole party sprung for me.

I dodged between his leggs, an' he pict oavver, his head struk the manager in the stummick, an' they fell on the floar toghur.

Peepil got skaired allmost as much as I waz, thort it waz a fite, an' runned out of the plais in a terribul hurey.

I worntid to go two, but the Gaim Rooster, the what-is-it, the jient, the murmade, the dwarf, an' in fack, all the kureyosertys kaim for me.

Then they chast me aroun the plais all trying to ketch me.

Gee! Wat a run that waz, the hull mernagery after me—me a little boy of my aig, an' all of them yellin' an' swearin' trifick.

The doar-man lokt it, an' I koodn't git out no how, and when I seen that they waz all tryin' to maybe kil me and keep me stuflid for the exerbishun, I tryd orfill hard to git away, you kin bet your dust. Petey.

I doant know how menny things I smasht an' upsot befour thay ketcht me, but the fack remanes that the museyum lookt as if a oith-quoik struck it; ennyhow, thare waznt mutch left wich waznt broke.

Then that bandy-legd guriller of a manager ketcht me.

I aint a-goin' to tell what he don to me, cause the reckerlexun is too panefill to my mind yet, but the foist thing I knewed I seen pa.

How he kaim thare I doant noe, unless it waz to keap a eye on me.

He waznt goin' to see no uther man but hisself lick me, so he saled rite in to the hull kroud, an' wen I reerlizd things agane we won, an' I waz bein' tooken hoam, wile pa lookt as if he waz a raggermuffin.

His cloas was all tore, his eye waz blakind, an' he had a bluddy noas, but he grind, caus he sed he likt ther hull kroud singul-handid. He'd a-likt me two wen we got home, onley I waz likt allreddy, an' now Ime lade up in bed gittin' oaver it sloly.

9 P. M.

MARCH 22ND.—This is the foist time Ive had a chants to put doun wat happind to me sints my last trubbill, an' as pa sed to me, "If you doant lick the stuffin' outer the Gaim Rooster, Ile lick you," aftur wat that nigger don to me, I tryd to do it to-day.

The museyum man gave him the G. B., on akount of peepil findin' out he waz a paintid nigger, an' not a jenyouwine lepperd-boy.

So I layd for him neer his hous, as I didnt wornt to git a lickin' frum pa, with my hirt up into my throate.

I waz askaird he wood bunk me in the stummick with his hed like he don another feller wich he fit sum time ago, wich swiped his mambilis.

I didnt lay for him aloan.

I waz too cagey for that.

I knewed he kood nock the blazes outer me singul-handid.

So I got all the fellers in our streat toghur, an' I opind a bockx of pas best siggars for them, wich I took frum the klosit, an' I sed to them, sos to set them all again the coon:

"Ime treetin' to-day, fellers, an' I wornt youse to stan by me in a fite Ime goin' to hav with the Gaim Rooster, Ime goin' to paralize him. He's oftin lickt the hull kroud of youse, an' it is time to stop his bulleyin' in this streat. I bet a doller I kin lick him, onley I wornt fare play. Its wuth a goodeal to me to nock him out."

"Wat'll you giv us to help you?" ast one of the fellers.

"Each wun of youse will git a dime frum my pa," sed I, "if youse will do the rite thing in this mater. Will you do it?"

"Wat do you kaul the rite thing?" ast my frend.

"Well," sed I, "if you see him gittin' the best of me, I wornt you all to pile onto him, an' nock the stuffin' outer him."

"We'll do it," sed thay.

"Ware'll we fite?" I ast them.

"Doun on the frate-dock, peer 49," sed one of the fellers.

"Markis of Kweanberrey rools," sed anuther.

"Sicks rounz to a finnish," adid anuther.

"Orright," I sed, "I aint askairt; youse fellers go doun thare, an' Ile bring him doun jest as soon as I kin fine him."

The kroud woodn't do this, thoo.
 They sed lets all go down in a boddy; then thay lit the siggars.
 It maid them all look tuff smoakin siggars.
 Thare waz about ten in the partey, an' a good menney nevver amoakt siggars befour, an' as pa's siggars are verry strong jore-brakers, I seen that sum of the fellers waz gittin' sick, but thay kept on puffin, an' tryd to look as if thay waz all ust to it, an' didn't mind.
 I went oavver to the Gaim Rooster's hous, an' wissled for him.
 He kaim out, an' the minnit he seen me he lookt ugly.
 "So its you," he sed, verrey sarkastick. "Wat do you wornt-hey?"
 "Ime lookin' for fite," I sed.
 The Gaim Rooster put a chip on his sholder.
 "Nock that off," sed he, "an' Ile pulverize you."
 "O," sed I, "we are goin' to fite down on the frate dok."
 "Is theas fellers goin' to see it throo?" he ast.
 "Yes. Pik out a fren to see fare play for you," I ansered.
 "All rite," ansered the darkee. "Ile taik Skinney Toodles."
 "An' Ile taik Swipesey," I ansered; "so kum on."
 We all went down to the dok after that, an' thare waz a lot of frate-handlers thare, but we went ont to the end an' found a plaisir behine some barrils of flower, ware we took off our gackits an' hats, an' roald np our sleaves—at leest, I did, but the coon didn't hav enney.
 The fellers maid a ring aroun' us, an' wun of them got on top of the barrils to lay boans for a cop while we fit.
 I felt kinder shakey.
 The Gaim Rooster had on a big brass ring, wich the boys maid him taik off, an' we shook hans; but wile he held my rite han' I gaiv him a punch in the eye with my left han', an' he hollerd, an' gumpt bak.
 Then we skwared off."
 "No hittin' berlo the belt!" I sed.
 "An' no kunseald weppins," sed the Gaim Rooster.
 "Go for him, Petey!" sed wun of the fellers.
 We runned in at wun anuther, an' klintched.
 I kort the niggers noas between my fingurs, an' pincht it, while he sockt me in the ear, an' tryd to bite me.
 "No roff-an'-tumbill," sed wun of the fellers.
 Thay tryd to separait us, an' torkt so lowd that all the fratemens kaim up to see wat the mattur waz behine the barrils.
 Thay mickxed in the ring, two, an' bet on me.
 I near pulld the niggers noas off.
 We got partid afterwids, an' skwaired off agane.
 Then the Gaim Rooster maid a rush for me, an' I dropt down, he fell oavver me, an' befour he kood git up, I got a hold of him, an' san-paperd the dok with his hed, til he bellerd for mursey, an' I let go.
 That waz the foist round, in my faver.
 Wen we kaim up to skratch agane, he plugged me a wopper.
 I seen stars, an' wuz pickt up boddley.
 That waz round number two.
 I waz moar kairfill the neckxt time.
 The nekxt round waz a korker, in wich menney punchis waz ix-chainged an' endid in the Gaim Rooster fallin' oavver the end of the dok into the rivver, oavver the foot of wun of the frate-men, wich waz a praktikel goaker, an' felt sorrey for the black eye I got frum him.
 I gess the fellers thort I waz gittin' the worst of the fite, caus as soons the coon klum up the spyle, wat shood thay do but pelt him with pertaters, appills, an' uthur froot wich thay found on the dok in a dekayd condishun, an' he run for his life.
 "Ime likt!" he hollerd, but thay didn't stop.
 "Go for him!" sed wun of the fellers, an' thay did, wich I waz verrey glad about, as I waz likt wuss than him, but I didn't say so.
 I ran after him with the rest of them, an' we gust got away as a cop kaim alorng, wich I onley got away frum in time to saiv my skin from bein' arrestid, thank hevvin!
 We follerd the Gaim Rooster throo Clinton streat, into East Broadway, an' he then maid traks for his hoam, the hull kroud after him.
 He seen that he koodn't git away, an' got into the groasserry stoar on the korner, ware the boys follerd him, as I gess thay waz anxious to git them dimes wat I promist them to help me.
 Onley the grosserrey boy waz in, so thay wazn't askaired to chais the nigger in the stoar, an' then wat happind I shuder to stait.

Let me pass oavver all the things thay broak, as it is a mornfill reckerlexun, wen I think how pa had to foot the bill.
 Thay kort the Gaim Rooster, wich waz standin' on his hed in a empty flour barrill, behine the ise-bockx, an' pulld him out.
 The groasser kaim in gust as thay waz goin' to lam him.
 Thare waz a big tussil after that to see wich wun kood git away first, an' we all skipt ixcept the nigger, wich the groasser kort.
 He had his waggin' wip in his han' an' he hammerd the skin offer the Gaim Rooster, so that I doan't think that the coon will ever try to wip enney of us fellers agane in a hurey—at least I hoap not me.
 Wen the groasser got throo, he let him go, an' the fellers all kort him wen he got out in the streat agane, an' tyed him with thare han-kerchiffs sos he koodnt git away.
 It was then about sick's aklok, an' thay sed thay waz goin' to taik the viktim to our hous, as proof that he waz likt, an' git them dimes.
 That maid me askaird, as my pa nevver sed he wood giv them a sent, an' I thort he wood wallop me for promisin' sich a thing.
 Besydes, I waz a totill reck.
 My best Sundy cloas waz all tore.
 My new hat waz lost in the rivver.
 My fais was skratcht, an' my eye waz blakind.
 All pa's best siggars waz smoakt up, the hull kroud waz sik from it an' the grosserry-man sed he waz goin' to charg my pa with all that waz broakin in his stoar by the kroud of fellers.
 I am orfill onlukey, nomater wat I atemp to do, an' the situwashun was verrey serious, but I was goin' to put on a bras frunt about it.
 We all went up the streat with the Gaim Rooster, an' wen we got to our hous, we stopt in frunt, an' wated for pa.
 He soon kaim alorng.
 "Wat's the mater, Petey?" sed he, stoppin, an' lookin' at us.
 "I gust likt the Gaim Rooster," sed I as brazen as you pleeze.
 "Wat!" he hollerd, an' I toind pail, an' shook.
 "Thare he is!" I sed, pointin' at the coon.
 The Gaim Rooster lookt verrey bad, wen pa glanced at him.
 "An' wat about theas boys?" ast my pa.
 "Thay seen fair-play," I anserd.
 "Is that so?" pa ast them.
 An' thay all sed I near killed the nigger.
 "Waz it a fare an' skware up an' down fite?" ast pa.
 I kinder slid away a litel, an' sed:
 "Yes. Doan't lick me, pa. You told me to do it."
 "Are you sure he didn't lick you?" he ast.
 "I sware it!" I sed, orfill solum.
 Then I toind to the coon, an' shakin' my fist at him so's pa koodn't see it as if Ide puck him in the noas if he didn't say gust wat I sed, I aded so's pa kood heer wat I sed:
 "Now you own up fare, you gosh-blaimd skunk, didn't I lick you?"
 "Yes," sed the Gaim Rooster, wich lookt more like the woistid pup in a dorg-fite, than the terrer of our nayberhood, "he did, an' I wisht you wood giv him a beetin for it, sur."
 That maid me feal moar skittish, but instid of gittin a thumpin as I expectid, pa grabbed me in his arms, hugged an' kist me, an' sed I waz moar an' moar like my dad evvery day, an' a kredit to my famerley.
 This waz mitey good luk, an' wile he waz in a good youmer I wispered that he orter giv all the boys a dime far seein fare play for me.
 He gave them all a quorter, an' thay went away, wile the Gaim Rooster sneekt hoam, an' we went into the hous together.
 Pa didn't mind payin' the grosserry bill, an' sed he wood apayed it if it waz twist as much as long as I likt the uther feller.
 I hoap he won't find out about them siggars, an' that nun of the boys'll tell him that I didn't lick the Gaim Rooster without thare help; if he finds it out he won't think Ime such a hero, an' will chaing his mind about me kunsidribel.
 I've got my eye in a sling now, an' pa woodn't let ma say a woid to me for comin hoam all tore to peeses.

TOO DAZE LATER.

MARCH 24.—Tis Sunday, an' this will be the last thing Ile ever write in this noot-book in deer old New York, caus Ime found out, an' pa is goin' to send me away to boardin' skool, ware Ile be out of mls-chuf.

Wat a sad end of all my fond dreems!

I worntid to be a saler, or a soljur, or a kowboy.

Sints I rote the last entry pa got hold of this book, an' he red how I happind to lick the Gaim Rooster, wich maid him wery, an' he made me tired, too, caus he jored an' klubbed me till my hart waz bustid.

Thayve got my trunk pakt, an' two-morrer Ime goin' away.

Ide like to hide sos to git out of it, but thare isn't no way.

O, wy waz I ever a bad boy?

Wy did I ever rite a full kunseshun in my note-book?

I orter noed that it wood git me in trubill if ever it waz found, an' thare its gonn an' don it at last, an' Ime doomd, an' I've got to leev hoam, frends an' muther.

Thair aint no moar fun left for poor Petey Boggs now.

Ive got wun konserlashun, an' that is rerveng on Mr. Leek for givin' me this blaimd note-book, wich gaiv me away to pa so badley.

He is goin' to marry Maria, wich will chaing his mind about hur bein' the angill wich he thinks she is.

I hoap the babbey wont grow up to be a bad boy like me, an' I wish ma wood git fat like she waz befour I growed up to maik hur thin.

As four pa, I aint got nuthin to say, except that he is treetin' his little sun verrey rong to send him off this way.

To-day he took me out to by sum cloas to go away with, an' we went up in the elevaited.

The kars got blokt up on akount of the farg.

Then the peopple wich worntid to hurrey begun to sware same's if they had tacks under them, or kaster ile inside of 'em.

Thay pokt up the winders, peekt out, yellid, dansed, an' sung sorngs, an' wun feller seen a switch, an' ses:

"That thair switch is opin, an' the nex trane wich cumz alorng on the uther trak will bunk into us an' smash us all to glorey in a heep."

A ole wommin with blinkey eyes an' a markit-baskit, in wich waz a cat meowin', flopt down on her marrer boans an' begun to prey like blazes.

I seen a signil lite go up beside the trak in bak of us to stop the trane wich wood foller ourn, an' I sed to pa:

"Grate Heavin, we are lost!"

"Wow-wow! Wat's that, Petey?" ses he, gittin' skairt.

He sprung up an' waived his arms, an' the uther peopple took frite rite away, an' every wun tirded pail aroun' the gills, buttind up thair koats, felt of thair watches, an' lookt as if they waz perpained for the woist.

"Thair's a trane comin' on behind us," sez I, "an' as we hav stopt thay are sure to bunk into our stern."

"O, Lor!" sed pa; "we are gorn!"

"In the farg," thinks I.

"Wat's to be don?" ses pa, verrey wild.

"Don't you remember the boy hero wich saived a trane?"

"How-how?" sed pa, verrey anxious.

"Wy," I replyd, "he took orf his koat an' waived it."

"So he did. But he got on the trak," sed pa.

"Well, kain't you do the same?" I ast.

I gess pa worntid to be a boy hero, 'caus he yankt off his koat all incited, flung opin the reer doar of the kar, an' wile the passengers cheered fer him he sprung out on the sleepers an' waived his koat an' hollered.

All the wile he had his eyes on the signil-lite.

He waz fearfil incited an' thort it was cummin' tord him, 'caus he begun to yell as hard as he cood:

"Stop it! Stop the trane!"

No anser kaim back, an' as I 'spose he worntid to git his pickcher in the Police Weekly or some uther papir as a boy hero, he ran tword it yellin':

"Put on the braiks! Let orf steem! Fire! Moider! Rats! Rats!"

Wen he got alorng awaze he seen the outlines of a reel trane wich waz then hid frum us in the farg.

It had jist cum to a stop an akount of seein' the signal, an' we passingers on our tran seen it, two.

"Wy," sed wun feller, as the farg begun to lift, "that ole feller is runnin' after a trane wich ain't thair."

Everyboddy lookt relieved, as it waz a blessin'.

"He's a-chasin a signal lite," sed another.

Then everybuddy laft, an' sed thay all knowded it befour, but I kood sware thay didn't, an' waz all so skairt that thay all dropt a silent prair for thair sins.

Thay kummenct to guy pa dredfil.

He, poor feller, had rusht up to the uther trane, and wen he seen it waz the signal lite besyde the track which foold him he stopt.

I gess he felt as if ee wisht he woz a flee, or somethin' elts so he kood faid away into a krak in the sleepers outer his own site as well as everybody's eltses.

Enney way wen the uther ingineer an' fierman laft at him he shook his fist at them an' started back for our trane to git skwair with me for foolin' him.

But he nevver reecht it.

Befour he arruv haff waze bak, off started our trane full split, an' pa had to run after it ovver the sleepers.

But we waz behind time, an' had to maik it up by fast travilin', an' the faster pa run the faster the trane went, an' it didn't stop at the foist stashun.

"Cum on, ole feller!" yellid a man. "Youle git there soon!"

"Stop it! Stop the kar!" howled pa.

"Run, yer sinner, run!" skreeched another feller.

"Oh, pa," sed I, "hurrey up or youle git run ovver by the trane wich is following you."

That waz the trooth, for the uther trane waz comin' alorng verrey fast, an' wen pa lookt bak oavver his shoulder, he seen it an' gaiv a yell of feer.

I seen the ingineer laffin' at him, an' knowed then that he was saif an' wood not git hoit.

Thay onley worntid to hav sum fun with him.

"It's youre forlt!" pa hollered, waivin' his arms at me. "If I die, youle be my moiderer for foolin' me."

By this ixpresheun I nowed that he dropt to the trik I plaid upon him, an' ment mischuf.

So I sneekt inside feelin' verrey meak.

That waz the last I seen of him jest then, cause he waz left behind in the farg, wich waz liftin'.

I sat down to think it oavver, an' I kaim to the konklooshun he waz O. K. an' wood klime up on the platfoarm of the foist stushun he kaim too.

So I thort I'd go rite on to the stoar, an' order my cloas, so's to saiv him the trubble of doin' it hisself.

Enneyway, I went up to the stoar, an' I sez to myself Ile git a good likin' for wot I don, so I maze well git kild for a sheap's a lam', so Ile order wot I wornt.

Then I pickt out the hansumist an' best cloas I kood git, an' selektid about aiteen soots ar' a hole lot of under-cloas to mach them, told the man to sen' them hoam with the bill to my pa, an' after I borred ten dollers in pa's naim an' blowed it in on a maternee an' all the kandy an' soader worter I kood stuff in, I went hoam.

It was lait in the asturnoon when I arrove, an' after pa got oaver his frite about my absince, he told me the things had kaim, told me not to tell ma about wot he don chaisin' the signil lite, an' promist not to lick me if I kep mum.

I sed I wood, an' pertickerly ast him if the bil of my close kaim, but he sed it didn't yet, but wood in 30 daze.

Wot struck me waz the way he sed ma cauld him a gennerus man with his little sun wich waz goin' away, an' it maid him feal awful big.

But he don't no how menney soots of cloas I bort yet.

Wen the bil cumz in he will howl.

He won't think Ime sich a good boy as the minister doz, speshully about that ten dollars I borred.

Ma thinks he bort them things out of gennerosserty.

I doan't.

All I hoap is the bil won't com till Ime gorn.

Then orl will be well enuff.

Oh, dear, wy am I sich a terribul felloe?

I must have been bornd this way thoo, an' thank Hevvin Ime goin' to try arful hard to be a good boy in fucher. I axerently stuck sum taffey in babbey's hed, an' that maid pa mad at me, an' I've had to hide from him an' the strap down in the seller.

I maid a big been-shooter, an' got a aig from Bridgit, so I gess Ile go up-stares to ma's bedroom winder, an' see if I can't get a shot at some jay goin' by the hous.

If I do, an' I find him comin' after me, Ile brake his hed with the tomaters-kans wich I just brung up frum the seller.

I must now kloas, my dear noat-book, an' I hoap nevver to see you agane, for Ime goin to pich you into the fier befour I go away, as you went bak on me so meen.

In endin' I will onley say that I am goin to try to be a good boy in fucher, sos to keep out of trubbill; but Ime afraide I kan't do it.

The book was finished at this point, and it is to be presumed that the little rascal left it where he was writing his last entry, when his father found it.

At any rate he certainly carried out his fiendish purpose of using his bean-shooter, the old tomato-cans and sundry other missiles, and I

was unlucky enough to be the "jay" whom he attacked from the window.

I sincerely trust that the school to which he was sent turned out to be an institute where he will be trained in the path of moral rectitude; but I doubt if the sternest spirit is capable of breaking the mischievous traits of such a boy.

Within a short time I shall call on his father again, and learn what change may have been wrought in his spirit; but should the reader ever hear from him again, I fear that the bad boy will still be found to be a bad boy, whether at home, at school, or anywhere else.

[THE END.]

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